Enter Richard Duke of Gloceſter, ſolus.

NOw is the winter of diſcontent, our
Made glorious ſummer by this Sonne of *Yorke*:
And all the clouds, that lowr vpon our houſe, lour'd
In the deepe bowels of the Ocean buried, bosome
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for monuments.
Our ſterne alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleaſures.
Grim-viſagd warre, hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now inſtead of mounting barbed Steeds,
To fright the ſoules of fearefull aduerſaries,
He capers nimbly in a ladies chamber,
To the laciuious pleaſing of a loue.
But I that am not ſharpe of ſportiue trickes, shapte for
Nor made to court an amourous looking-glaſſe;
I that am rudely ſtampt, and want loues maieſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nympth, Nymph
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deform'd, vnfiniſht, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world, halfe made vp, ſcarce
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt at them: by
Why While I in this weake piping time of peace,
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in the ſunne,
And deſcant on mine owne deformity:
And therefore ſince I cannot proue a louer,
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken dayes,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe dayes:
Plots haue I layd, inductions dangerous,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.24) Octavo